

DON'T BE ALL WET!



It's all right for me, since all that wet, clinging cloth makes it easier to show just what kind of talent goes into every issue of **ALL MAN**—the magazine for men who know what they want, and go out and get it.

But don't you be all wet—go out and get what you want—and that should include a subscription to **ALL MAN**. You can have a whole harem of gorgeous girls right at your fingertips in twelve super man-size issues for only \$10.00—a super saving over the newsstand price.

So like I said, don't be all wet! Get it on and get it all with **ALL MAN**—the one magazine that lives up to it's title!

Yes, I want to subscribe to **ALL MAN**. Here is my ☐ check ☐ money order in the amount of _____ for a _____ year subscription to **ALL MAN**.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Rates apply only to U.S. and Possessions

Mail to: **ALL MAN**, 5711 Lankershim Blvd., N. Hollywood, Calif. 91601

I am an adult 21 years of age or older.

DEBONAIR

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 6, MAY 1973

YOUR SEX FORUM	6
Columnist Laurence Schwab interviews Dr. Alex Runciman, who discusses premature ejaculation.	
WRITE ON!	8
Book reviewer Ray Puechner appraises <i>Strange Loves: The Human Aspects of Sexual Deviation</i> .	
JACQUELINE	10
Meet a delightful doll who's an expert on beds Photos by RBK.	
HOW TO MAKE BABIES WITHOUT REALLY TRYING	14
Humorist Richard Armour presents a verbal time and motion study of what may be America's favorite pastime.	
SPOOK SHOW	18
People wear costumes on Halloween, right? Not for this one. Even the town virgin took off her clothes fiction by Sneed Hearn.	
SONJA	20
You've heard of Minnesota Fats? Well, meet California Curvaceous Photos by William Rotsler.	
THE CITY SWING	24
Cindy Collins uncovers a father-daughter swinging team!	
SEX TEST: LOVE POTIONS	26
How much do you know about aphrodisiacs? Take this quiz by Laurence Schwab and Karen Markham. You'll be happier and wiser afterward.	
YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE	27
Astro Annie Besant brings the stars into your bedroom.	
HILDE	28
Here's a slim blonde who loves to take off her clothes. What could be more natural? Photos by John Demetrius.	
THE MAGNUM	34
Booze only shortens your life if you drink it. Keep the faith and the bottle, and you may live forever fiction by Jack Ritchie.	
JOY	36
She's a farmer's daughter who loves the feel of hay on her naked bottom Photos by Fred Enke.	
STENDHAL: DOCTOR OF SEX	42
He believed any woman will lift her skirts for a man who knows the simple rules of sexual persuasion article by Jack Matcha.	
TRINA	44
Want a stimulating massage? This lady barber will give your head a tingle Photos by John Demetrius.	
SINDY	50
Our hot-blooded heroine makes an old friend.	
AUDREY	54
Has your instrument gone to pot? This blonde beauty wants to get her hands on it Photos by RBK.	

EDWARD GOLDSTEIN PUBLISHER
Peter Kevin Managing Editor
Charles E. Fritch Editor
Richard Pina Art Director
Anita Gaines Associate Editor
Laurence Schwab Contributing Editor
M. Peto Photo Editor
Paul Lawrence Circulation Director

DEBONAIR Volume 2, Number 6, 1973 is published monthly by E-GO Enterprises, Inc. 5711 Lankershim Blvd., N. Hollywood, Calif. 91601. Price \$1.00 per copy, subscription rate \$10.00 per year. All material submitted at sender's risk. Publisher cannot be responsible for loss or non-return of unsolicited material. Nor can such material be returned without a self-addressed, properly stamped envelope. All material accepted for publication will be paid for at our usual rates. Copyright © 1973 by E-GO Enterprises, Inc. Advertising representative, Hammond Media, 964 3rd Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Printed in the U.S.A. Second Class Postage paid in New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing points.

Amos Weatherlee clutched a magnum of champagne in one hand and a hammer in the other.

He paused in the wide doorway of the hotel bar.

At this hour of the afternoon, the barroom was nearly empty except for three women in one booth with Pink Ladies and a middle-aged man alone in another.

Weatherlee approached him and extended the hammer. "Pardon me, but I would regard it as an extreme favor if you would smash my bottle."

Harry Sloan studied him warily. "Don't you think that would make quite a mess?"

Weatherlee's silver-gray hair was somewhat disheveled and he spoke with a slight slur. "I never thought of that. You don't suppose that the bartender has a basin or something like that we could use?"

Sloan sipped his whiskey and soda. "If you're really set on smashing that bottle, why don't you do it yourself?"

Weatherlee sighed. "I tried. I really tried. Captain O'Reilly did too. So did Carruthers and Larson and Cooper and I don't know how many more. It was quite a wild night."

"What was?"

"Our club meeting a year ago."

Sloan's attention was distracted by the procession of a dozen elderly men filing through the hotel entrance. At least half of them walked with canes. They moved slowly across the lobby

toward the open doors of a private dining room.

Sloan showed some interest. "Who in the world are they?"

"Our club," Weatherlee said. "It's our annual reunion. The members just finished a sight-seeing bus tour of the city and now we're going to have dinner." He watched as the group entered the dining room. "We were all members of the same National Guard Company. We formed the club right after the war."

"World War I?"

"No," Weatherlee said. "The Spanish American War."

Sloan regarded him skeptically.

"That's Captain O'Reilly," Weatherlee said. "Wearing the broad-brimmed campaign hat." He sat down. "How old do you think I am?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Ninety," Weatherlee said proudly. "I was eighteen when I enlisted."

"Sure," Sloan said. "And I suppose you were a member of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders and charged up San Juan hill?"

"No. Actually our outfit never got beyond Tampa before the war ended. Our only casualties were to yellow fever."

"You look pretty spry for ninety."

"I am," Weatherlee said firmly. "I take a brisk half-hour walk every day and I'm still in full possession of all my faculties. In full possession."

"Sure," Sloan said. "Sure."



Booze only shortens your life if you drink it. Keep the faith and the bottle, and you may live forever.

by Jack Ritchie

THE MA

"Of course we weren't all the same age when we formed the club. Captain O'Reilly, for instance, our oldest man, was thirty-six. Twice as old as I at the time. He joined the club more in the spirit of good-fellowship, rather than really expecting to drink the bottle."

Sloan eyed the magnum of champagne. "Just what kind of a club was this?"

"A Last Man club. Perhaps you've heard of them? We founded ours in 1898. Right after the war ended and we were waiting to get shipped home. We wanted one hundred members, but actually we could get only ninety-eight to sign up."

"And those are the survivors? What's left?"

"Oh, no. Those are only the members who could make it. The others are in hospitals, old age homes, and the like."

Sloan did some mental arithmetic. "You said that Captain O'Reilly was thirty-six when the club formed in 1898?"

"Yes."

"Are you telling me that Captain O'Reilly is now one hundred and eight years old?"

"That's right. Our oldest man."

"And at ninety, you're the youngest?"

"Yes," Weatherlee said. "And I'm Custodian of the Bottle. According to our by-laws, the youngest surviving member is Custodian of the Bottle."

Sloan finished his drink. "Just how many club members are still alive?"

"Ninety-five."

Sloan stared at him for a few moments. "You mean to tell me that only three of you people have died since 1898?"

Weatherlee nodded. "There was Meyer. He died in a train accident back in 1909. Or was it 1910? And McMurty. He stayed in the Guard and worked himself up to full colonel before he was killed in the Argonne in 1918. And Iverson. He died of acute appendicitis in 1921."

Sloan considered his empty glass and then sighed. "Care for a drink?"

Weatherlee smiled affably. "I guess one more won't hurt. I'll take whatever you're having."

Sloan caught the bartender's eye and help up two fingers.

Weatherlee leaned forward and lowered his voice. "Actually this isn't the original champagne bottle. I broke that in 1924."

Sloan studied it again.

"It happened at our convention that year," Weatherlee said. "I was riding the elevator at the time. In those days they didn't operate as smoothly as they do now. There was this sudden jerk as the operator stopped at my floor. The suitcase I was carrying sprang open and the bottle dropped to the floor. Couldn't have fallen more than a foot, but there it lay, shattered on the floor."

Weatherlee shook his head at the memory. "I was absolutely panic-stricken. I mean here I was the custo-

dian of the club's bottle—a great responsibility—and there it lay, shattered on the elevator floor. Luckily I was the only passenger on the elevator at the time. No one but the operator knew what had happened."

"So you went out and bought another bottle?"

"No. I didn't see how I could duplicate it anywhere. The bottle was quite distinctive. Purchased in Tampa, twenty-six years before."

Sloan indicated the bottle. "Then what is that?"

"It was the elevator operator who saved me," Weatherlee said. "He went out and got an *exact* duplicate."

"How did he manage to do that?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. He seemed a little evasive, now that I remember, but I was too overjoyed to press him. He was really most apologetic about the accident. Most solicitous. Took care of the mess in the elevator and brought the new bottle to my room fifteen minutes later. Wouldn't even let me pay for it. Claimed that the entire incident was really his doing and wouldn't accept a cent."

Sloan took his eyes from the magnum. "You said something about Captain O'Reilly trying to break the bottle?"

"Yes. Last year at our meeting. I still don't know exactly why he tried it. But I do remember that he kept staring at the bottle all evening. That year I was

Continued on Page 66

AGNUM

THE MAGNUM

the Treasurer and I'd just finished reading me report. We had \$4,990 in the treasury. Our dues are actually almost nominal, but still after all those years and compounded interest, it reached that sum."

The bartender brought the drinks. Sloan paid him and took a swallow of his whiskey and soda. "So what about O'Reilly?"

Weatherlee watched the bartender leave. "Oh, yes. Well, just as I finished, he rose suddenly to his feet and began slashing at the bottle with his cane and shouting, 'That damn bottle! That damn bottle!' And then it seemed as though nearly everyone else went mad too. They shouted and cursed and smashed at the bottle, some even with chairs. I really don't know how it would all have ended if the waiters and other hotel people hadn't rushed in and restrained them."

"But they didn't break the bottle?"

"No. It was most remarkable. The blows were really resounding, and yet it didn't break. I thought about that all year. All this long year."

Weatherlee took a deep breath. "I arrived here early this morning. I am not a drinking man, but on impulse I bought a pint of whiskey and took it up to my room. I just sat there drinking and staring at that bottle. I even forgot all about the bus tour. And then I don't know what came over me, but I picked up an ashtray—one of those heavy glass things that are practically indestructible—and struck the bottle. Again and again, until finally the *ashtray* broke."

Weatherlee took the handkerchief from his breastcoat pocket. "I was in a perfect frenzy. I rushed out of my room with the bottle and down the hallway I found one of those maintenance closets with its door open. There was a hammer on one of the shelves. I put the magnum of champagne into the stationary tub in the cubicle and struck it again and again with the hammer."

"But the bottle still didn't break?"

Weatherlee dabbed lightly at his forehead with the handkerchief. "But what was most ghastly of all was that all the time I was trying to smash that bottle, I had the feeling that someone, somewhere, was *laughing* at me."

He glared at the magnum. "And then suddenly, the *conviction*, the *certainty*,

came to me that neither I, nor *anybody* in the club could destroy that bottle. If it were done, it had to be done by someone on the outside."

Sloan frowned at his drink. "Just *why* do you want to destroy that bottle in the first place?"

Weatherlee sighed. "I don't know. I just know that I *do*."

They were both silent for almost a minute and then Sloan said, "This elevator operator. What did he look like?"

"The elevator operator? Rather a distinguished sort of a person. I remember thinking at the time that he wasn't at all what one would expect of an elevator operator. Rather tall. Dark hair, dark eyes."

One of the doors of the dining room across the lobby opened and a waiter stepped out. He came into the bar. "Mr. Weatherlee, we're serving now."

Weatherlee nodded. "Yes. I'll be there in a moment."

Sloan waited until the waiter was out of hearing. "When did you say you broke the original bottle?"

"In 1924."

"And nobody's died since then?"

"Nobody's died since 1921. That was when Iverson got his acute appendicitis."

Sloan stared at the bottle again. "I'd like to join your club."

Weatherlee blinked. "But that's impossible."

"Why is it impossible?"

"Well . . . for one thing, you didn't belong to our National Guard company."

"Do your by-laws say anything about members having to belong to that particular company? Or any company at all?"

"Well, no. But it was *assumed* . . ."

"And you did say that you never did fill your membership quota? Only ninety-eight people signed up? That leaves a vacancy of two, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but you are so much younger than any of the rest of us. It would be unfair for us to have to compete with you for the bottle."

"Look," Sloan said. "I'm not a rich man, but I'll match what's in the treasury, dollar for dollar."

"That's very kind of you," Weatherlee said a bit stiffly, "but if you should outlive all of us, and that seems likely, you'd get it all back anyhow."

Sloan smiled patiently. "I'll sign an affidavit renouncing all claim to what's in the treasury."

Weatherlee rubbed his neck. "I don't know. I'm not the final authority on anything like this. I'm not even an officer this year, unless you want to count being Custodian of the Bottle. I really don't know what the procedure would be in a case like this. I suppose we'll have to take a vote or something."

He rose and put the magnum under his arm. "I suppose there's no harm in asking, but frankly I think they'll turn you down."

Sloan put his hand on the hammer. "Better leave this here with me."

Sloan came to Weatherlee's room at nine-thirty the next morning.

He took an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Weatherlee.

Weatherlee nodded acceptance. "To be quite honest, I was a bit surprised that the club decided to accept you. Not without exception, of course. Captain O'Reilly was quite against it."

Sloan moved to the bureau and picked up the magnum of champagne.

Weatherlee blinked. "What are you doing?"

"Taking the bottle with me. You told me yourself that according to the club's by-laws, the youngest member is Custodian of the Bottle."

"Yes, but . . ."

Sloan opened the door to the corridor. He smiled broadly. "We wouldn't want you to go around asking strange people to break it, now would we?"

When Sloan was gone, Weatherlee locked the door.

He went to the bathroom and began removing the make-up from his face. As he worked, a half century disappeared.

Maybe he could have taken Sloan for more than five thousand, but you never know. Getting too greedy could have blown the whole deal.

He smiled.

Finding the sucker was the hardest part of it.

But once you did, and learned approximately how much he could part with without undue pain, you went about arranging the set-up. That included going to the nearest Old Soldiers' Home and offering to treat a dozen of their oldest veterans to a dinner.

And the old boys did so enjoy an afternoon out. ●